THE

SIMMUNE STAIS

NEW YORK

F. J. HUNTINGTON, BROOME ST



Division

Section

SCA 1841 THE

SERVING SEAR:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY T. E. PERKINS,

AUTHOR OF THE "OLIVE BRANOH." "ORIENTAL GLEE BOOK," ETG.

NEW YORK:

F. J. HUNTINGTON, BROOME STREET.

PREFACE.

MULTITUDES have been willingly fettered by "Golden Chains," thousands deluged by "Golden Showers," and hundreds have been listeners to the pealing of the "Silver Chimes." Amid all this commotion, we assure our friends that it has required no little courage to call the public attention to another book of the same sort. Encouraged, however, by friends whose judgment we prize above our own, The Star appears.

A friend of long experience, and zealous as a teacher, after a trial of several of the pieces, says: "The thoughts are naturally and beautifully expressed. The music is fresh—full of variety and beauty." Another says: "The music will be sure to be sung at home." We ask those who feel that the introduction of new music would give renewed life and interest to their Sabbath Schools, to try the "Star." Our earnest prayer has been, that it may prove a "Shining Star," bright o'er hill and valley, cheering the shepherd and Sabbath-school flock wherever gathered.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, hy

T. E. PERKINS,

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THE SHINING STAR.



In season let us all be there, Away to Sabbath school;

Away to Sabhath school; That we may join the opening pray'r, Away to Sabhath school;

There we can raise our hearts to heaven, And praise the Lord for blessings given: Away, away, away, away,

Away to Sabbath school.

Let us remember while at prayer, When at the Sabbath school,

Our teachers' kindness and their care For us in Sabbath school.

We'll be submissive, good, and kind, And every rule and order mind, When we're at school, at Sabbath school. If fulthful we shall meet above.

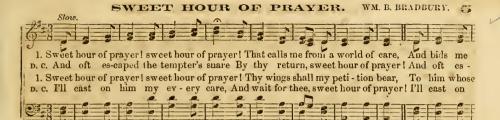
When we're at Sabbath school.

When each at night shall go to prayer, We'll ask our God above

To give our teachers his kind care, And crown them with his love. And when on earth our time is sped, And we are numbered with the dead,

We all shall meet above.

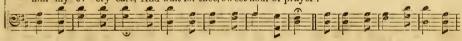


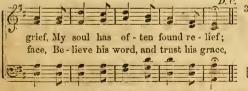




at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In sca-sons of distress and caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

truth and faith-ful - ness Eu-gage the wait-ing soul to bless; And since he bids me seek his him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!



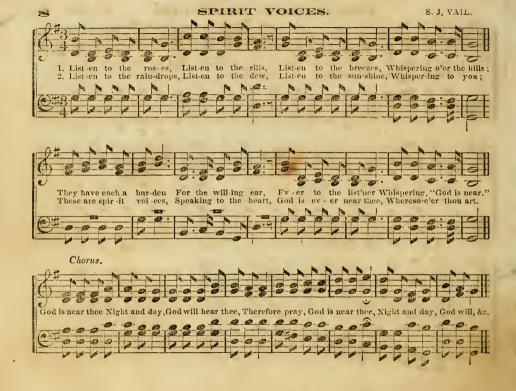


3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
[: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!;

From the "Golden Chain," by permission.









Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.





2 Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.
Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

Beautiful all who enter there; Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing; Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see. Haste to his heavenly home with me.

Nothing but leaves?



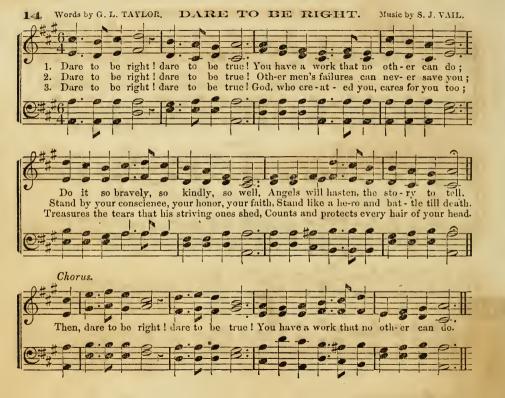
* By permission from "LITTLE WANDERERS' FRIEND."







- Then the happy angels winging Bright their way thro realms above, Listened to the children, singing Of the dear Redeemer's love, Cno.
- 4. Back they flew to thrones all shining, And from golden harp strings rung Sweetest music, ever shining With the song the children sung. CHO.









1. There is

2. There is

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn—of heaven.



- 3. See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above:
 While simers, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.
- 4. Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thon to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord is come.

When shall the Voice of Singing.

- 1. When shall the voice of singing,
 Flow joyfully along,
 When hill and valley ringing,
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign?
- 2. Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly:
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply;
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

Evening Hymn.

- 1. The incllow eve is gliding
 Screnely down the west:
 So every care subsiding
 My soul would sink to rest.
 The woodland hum is ringing
 The daylight's gentle close—
 May angels, round me singing,
 Thus hymn my last repose.
- 2. The evening star has lighted
 Her crystal lamp on high:
 So, when in death benighted,
 May hope illume the sky.
 In golden splendor dawning,
 The norrow's light shall break:
 O, on the last bright morning,
 May I in glory wake.

The Gospel Banner.

- 1. Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled,
 And be the shout hosama,
 Reëchoed through the world;
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tougue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.
- 2. Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus! King of kings?
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings;
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.





Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds exulting soar; So soft to our almighty Friend Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That seatters life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid orb of day,
 That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

The Love of Jesus.

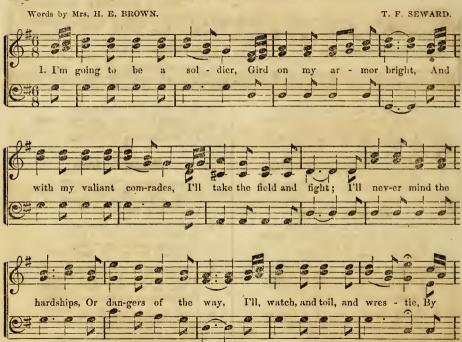
- I know 'tis Jesus loves my sonl, And makes the wounded spirit whole; My nature is by sin defiled, Yet Jesus loves a little child.
- 2. How kind to Jesus, oh, how good 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood; For children's sake he was reviled, For Jesus loves a little child:
- 3. When I offend by thought or tongue, Omit the right or do the wrong; If I repent, he's reconciled, For Jesus loves a little child.

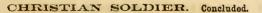
4. To me may Jesus now impart, Although so young, a gracious heart: Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled, Yet Jesus loves a little child.

Sleeping in Jesus.

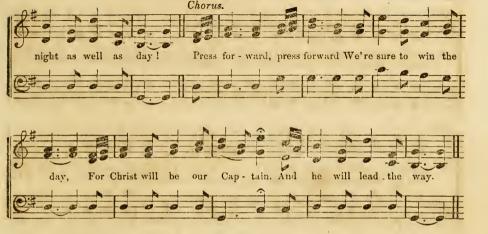
- ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
- Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet, To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing That death has lost his cruel sting.
- Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4. Aslcep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be; Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting a summons from on high.











2.

The foes that will assail me,
Are subtle, fierce and strong,
The war that they are waging,
Will deadly be and long;
But I've a well tried helmet,
A sword and trusty shield.
To quench the fiery arrows,
That Satan's hand may wield.—Cho.

3.

I know I am but feeble,
But Jesus is my head,
He's wise, and strong, and able
To triumph he will lead;
And when, beneath his banner,
I've gained the victor's crown,
With one loud, loud Hosanna,
I'll lay my armor down.—Cho.

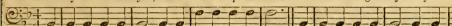






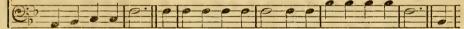
This pleasant Sabbath morning, God's holy, blessed day, We'll gather with our teachers To
 And, while our praise we render With earnest, joyful lay, In accents mild and ten-der, We

3. "And in my arms I'll bear you, Safe from the tempter's snare, And thro' life's dangerous journey Your



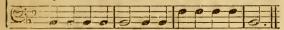


stud-y, sing, and pray; For, tho' we are but children, Our Saviour loves to hear The seem to hear him say: "Come un - to me, dear children, My love I'll give to you, I'll souls shall be my care." Then let us hast-en to him, Now in our ear - ly youth, And





hum'de prayers we of-fer, If they are but sin - eere. change your sinful natures, And make your hearts anew. lay our hearts before him, And learn to love his truth.



4.

And then, whate'er befall us
In youth or riper years,
He'll kindly soothe our sorrows,
And wipe away our tears.
And in those heavenly mansions,
Where he has gone before,
To make a happy home for us,
We'll praise him evermore.





Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crows.

3.
Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears,
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth,
'Tis life for them to die!



- There's not a weed so lowly,
 Nor bird that cleaves the air,
 But tells in accents holy
 His kindness and his care.
 Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.
- He bids the sun to warm us,
 And light the path we tread;
 At night, lest aught should harm us,
 He gnards our welcome bed.
 Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.

- He gives our needful clothing,
 And sends our daily food;
 His love denies us nothing
 His wisdom deemeth good.
 Cho.—O may God's mercies, &c.
- The Bible, too, he sends us,
 That tells how Jesus came,
 Whose blood can save and cleanse us
 From guilt, and sin, and shame.
 Cho.—O may God's mercies &c.



2. Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall;
If strength be but human,
How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
Life's wearisome way.

3. Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise;
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies,

^{*} From the "GOLDEN CHAIN," by permission.



- Yes, for me he standeth pleading, At the mercy-seat above;
 Ever for me interceding,
 Constant in untiring love.
 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
 Joy unearthly, love and light;
 And to cover me he spreadeth
 His paternal wing of might.
- 3. Yes, in mc, in me, he dwelleth;
 I in him, and he in me!
 And my enipty soul he filleth,
 Here and through eternity.
 Thus I wait for his returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven:
 Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of even.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us.

- Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us,
 Bless thy little lambs to-night;
 Through the darkness be thou near us;
 Keep us safe till morning light;
 All this day, thy hand has led us;
 And we thank thee for thy care;
 Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us;
 Listen to our evening prayer.
- 2. May our sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends we love so well;
 Take us when we die to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell,
 May our sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends, we love so well;
 Take us when we die to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

Our Guide.

- 1. Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
 Through this gloomy vale of tears,
 Through the changes thou'st decreed us;
 Till our last great change appears.
 When temptation's darts assail us;
 When in devious paths we stray;
 Let thy goodness never fail us;
 Lead us in thy perfect way.
- In the hour of pain and anguish;
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.

 When this mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till by angel hands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

Take my Heart.

- 1. TAKE my heart, O Father, take it;
 Make and keep it all thinc own;
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it.
 Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
 Heavenly Father, deign to mold it
 In obedience to thy will;
 And, as passing years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and childlike still.
- Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life.
 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
 And its sins be all forgiven;
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it.
 Guide it in the path to heaven.



* The following interesting incident has given rise to the heautiful song, "A Light in the Window."

A boy, at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a widowed mother, carrying home his earnings at night. "One night," he says, "it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home until late. My mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but she quickly aroused when





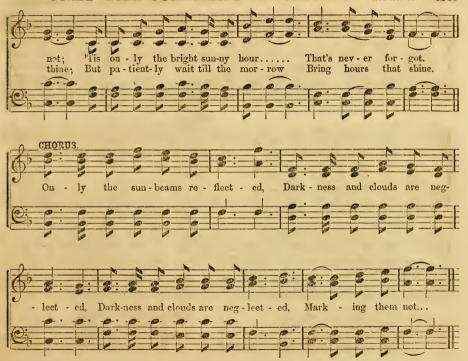
O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea.
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

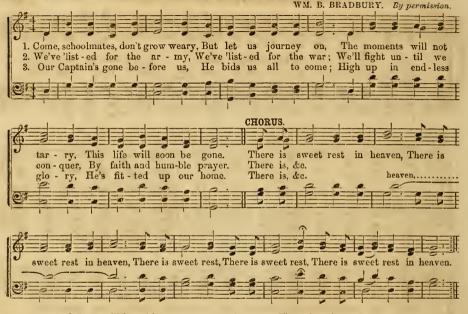
Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beekon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Chorus. A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

she heard my voice, and soon met me at the door, with a warm kiss, and warmer tears, and a 'God bless you, my dear boy.' As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, 'After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you; and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and, oh! how it cheered my heart ever after, for years. Health failing me, I left home (after my brothers could help mother), and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him.'"

* The Dial Plate .- " I mark only the hours."





And Jesus will be with us,
 E'en to our journey's end;
 In every sore affliction
 His "present help" to lend.—Chorus.

Then glory be to Jesus,
 Who bought us with his blood;
 And glory be to Jesus,
 Who gives us every good.—Chorus.



- Not Sinai's mountain could appear, More glorious, when the Lord was there While he pronounced his dreadful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3. How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious powers of hell, That thousand souls had captive made, Were all in chains, like captives, led.
- Raised by his Father to the throne, He sent the promised Spirit down, With gifts and grace for rebel-men, That God might dwell on earth again.

How are thy Servants blessed.

- How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2. In foreign realms, and lands remote, Supported by thy care, Through burning climes they pass unhurt, And breathe in tainted air.
- 3. When, by the dreadful tempest borne,
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4. The storm is laid—the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will:

- The sea, that roars at thy command, At thy command is still.
- In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

Jesus shall reign.

- Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- For him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love, with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.
- Blessing abound where'er he reigns; The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
- Let every creature rise, and bring Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.



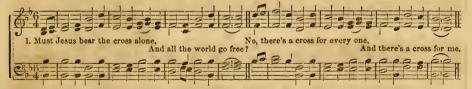






 The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy. The Lord makes bare his arm, Through all the earth abroad, Let every nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear. 3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.









- 2 O may I faithful prove. And keep the crown in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pursue. - Chorus.
- 3 Jesus be thou my guide. · My steps attend.

- O. keep me near thy side. Be thou my friend .- Chorus.
- 4 Be thou my shield and sun. My Saviour and my guard; And when my work is done, My great reward .- Chorus.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

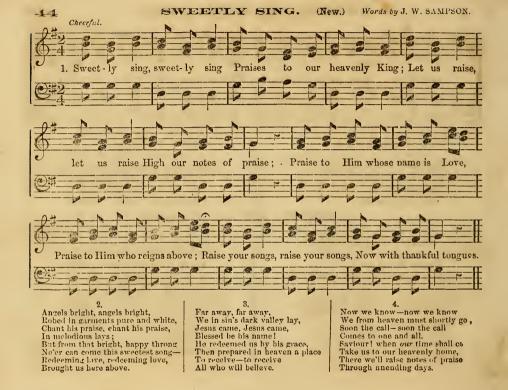
1 I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand. A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand. There, right before my Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'd make the sweetest music, And praise him day and night.

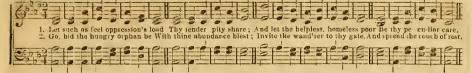
2 I never would be weary, Nor ever shed a tear. Nor ever know a sorrow: Nor ever feel a fear;

But, blessed, pure, and holy, I'd dwell in Jesus' sight. And with ten thousand thousands. Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful. But Jesus will forgive. For many little children Have gone to heaven to live; Dear Saviour, when I languish, And lay me down to die. O, send a shining angel,

And bear me to the skies.





3. Then, bright as morning shall come forth In peace and joy thy days; And glory from the Lord above Shall shine on all thy ways.

Lord, teach a sinful Child to Pray.

- LORD, teach a sinful child to pray, And then accept my prayer; For thou canst hear the words I say, For thou art every where.
- 2. Teach me to do the thing that's right, And when I sin, forgive; And may it be my chief delight To serve thee while I live.
- 3. Whatever trouble I am in,
 To thee for help I'll call;
 But keep me, more than all, from sin,
 For that's the worst of all.

A closer Walk with God.

- On! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,—
 A light to shine upon the road, That leads me to the Lamb!
- Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus, and his word?

- 3. What peaceful hours 1 once enjoyed!

 How sweet their mem'ry still!

 But they have left an aching void,

 The world can never fill.
- 4. Return, O holy Dove! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

Dear Saviour! when my Thoughts recall.

- Dear Saviour! when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
- Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord!
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye.
- Then shall the monrner, at thy feet, Rejoice to seek thy face: And grateful own—how kind, how sweet, Thy condescending grace.



He will listen to your prayer,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Feed vou by his tender care,
 Oh, how he loves!
 He became a child just like you,
 Here he suffered to redeem you,
 And at last he died to save you,
 Oh, how he loves!

Jesus, dear Jesus, we will love thee,
Yes, we will love!
Trusting in thy grace to aid us,
Oh, we will love!

And with thee to guide and bless us, Tread the heavenly way before us, Singing still, in joyful chorus, Oh. how he loves!

4. Then, in von bright world of glory,
Oh, there we'll sing!
There we'll ever bow before thee,
Oh, there we'll sing!
And with happy spirits blending,
Swell the song that has no ending,
Ever loving, ever singing,
Oh, how he loves!



2. What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be over, past,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3. There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest,
Heaven is my home.



Saviour, breathe an Evening Blessing.

- SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and thou caust heal.
 Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us: We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Daykness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watcheth where thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us.
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

Praise to God.

- 1. Praise we Him by whose kind favor,
 Heavenly truth has reached our ears;
 May its sweet reviving savor
 Fill our hearts, dispel our fears.
 Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
 Vain the hope, and short the pleasure
 Which from other sources flow.
- Lord, the truth we have been hearing,
 Now to every heart apply;
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's joy.
 Till thou take us hence for ever,
 Saviour, guide us with thine cye:
 May it be our sole endeavor
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

Spiritual Harvest.

- HE that goeth forth with weeping Bearing still the precious seed; Never tiring, never sleeping, All his labor shall succeed.
 Then will fall the rain of heaven, Then the sun of mercy shine: Precious fruits will then be given, Through an influence all divine.
- 2. Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Nor let fears thy mind employ;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.
 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear;
 Look again, the fields are whitening,
 Sure the harvest time is near.

Come, Thou Fount.

- 1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing!
 Tune my heart to grateful lays;
 Streams of merey, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.
- Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precions blood.
 Prone to wander,—Lord! I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh, take and scal it,—Seal it from thy courts above.





While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear itedeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;

Take away our sin and shame: From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee. Here we come, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in thy house appear Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast. May the Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound; Bring relief for all complaints; Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church abovo.





In the midst of our conflicts we'll think of the Lord, Who died on the cross, and from death was restor'd, To save us from sin, and to give us a place With the angels who always behold his bright face. To Jesus, our Captain. hosannas we raise, And join with our teachers in singing his praise; Ilis soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be, Till we lay down our armor, and death sets us free.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

- I want to be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand:
 There, right before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll make the sweetest music,
 And praise him day and night.
- 2. I never would be weary, Nor ever shed a tear, Nor ever know a sorrow, Nor ever feel a fear;

But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night,

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the skies.

5.1

I want a Heart to Pray.

- 1. I WANT a heart to pray—
 To pray and never cease;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.
 This blessing, above all—
 Always to pray—I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.
- I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim—
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise,
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 3. I rest upon thy word,

 The promise is for me;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee;
 But let me still abide,

 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

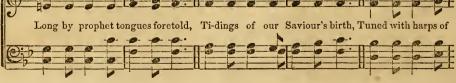
Sweet is the Time of Spring.

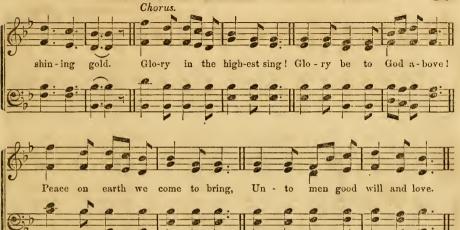
Sweet is the time of Spring,
 When nature's charms appear;
 The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
 And hail the opening year:
 But sweeter far, the spring
 Of wisdom and of grace,
 When children bless and praise their king,
 Who loves the youthful race.

- 2. Sweet is the dawn of day,
 When light just streaks the sky;
 When shades and darkness pass away,
 And morning's beams are nigh;
 But sweeter far, the dawn
 Of piety in youth;
 When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
 Before the light of truth.
- 3. Sweet is the early dew,
 Which gilds the mountain tops,
 And decks each plant and flower we view,
 With pearly glittering drops.
 But sweeter far the scene
 On Zion's holy hill,
 When there the dew of youth is seen,
 Its freshness to distill.

A Charge to keep I have.

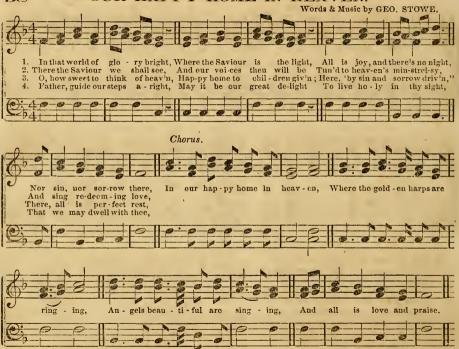
- 1. A CHARGE to keep I have;
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill;
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- Arm me with zealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

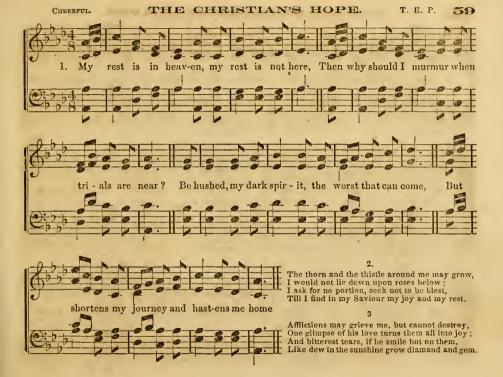




Let us raise an anthem now,
 To the name of Christ our King,
 And with joy and gladness bow,
 While our youthful praise we sing,
 Jesus is the children's Friend;
 He will hear their earnest prayer;
 He will lead them to the end
 And will keep them in his care Cho.—Glory in the, &c.

3. Let the joyful tidings fly
All the spacious earth around,
Till all lands beneath the sky
Hear and love the holy sound—
Till the Saviour's name is known,
Friend, Redeemer, Prince of Peace,
And in rapture to his throne
Praise shall evermore increase.
Cho.—Glory in the, &c.







3. They listen to the story
Of the Redeemer's birth,
When shouts of "highest glory"
Descend upon the earth:
Good will to man is given,
The penitent may live,
And be at peace with heaven,
For God can now forgive.

4. Glory to God for ever—
To God who reigns on high
Whose hand can now deliver
The souls condemned to die!
Oh, bear the tidings blissful
To every distant land,
The world will be successful—
Who can its power withstand!

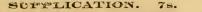
AZMON. C. M. GLASER. 1. God of my life, my morning song, To thee I cheerful raise; And pleasant 'tis to praiso. And pleasant 'tis to praiso.

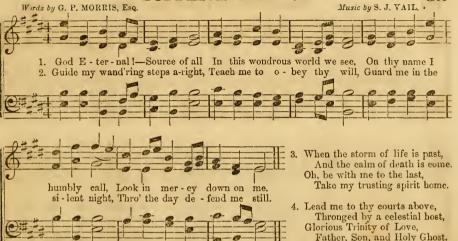
- Preserved by thy Almighty arm, I passed the shades of night, Serene, and safe from every harm, To see the morning light.
- 3. While numbers spend their night in sighs,
 And restless pains and wees,
 In gentle sleep I close my eyes,
 And wake from sweet repose.
- 4. Oh, let the same Almighty care
 Through all this day attend;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

The One Petition.

- 1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:
- 2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart And make me live to thee.
- Let the sweet hope that I am thine, My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shin And crown my journey's end.







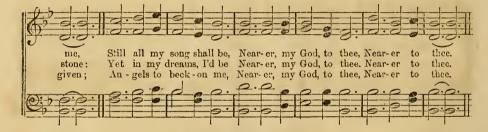
JESUS. SHEPHERD.

- Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep, Powerful is thine arm to keep All thy flocks with safest care, Fed in pastures large and fair.
- 2. Thee their Guide and Guard their own,
 Thee they love and thee alone
 Thee they follow day by day,
 Fearful lest their feet should stray.
- 3. Lord, thy helpless lambs behold, Gather all unto thy fold; Gently lead the wanderers home; Watch them, lest again they roam.
- Bring thy lambs, now far astray
 Lost in Satan's evil way;
 Then the fold and Shepherd one,
 We shall praise thee round thy throne.



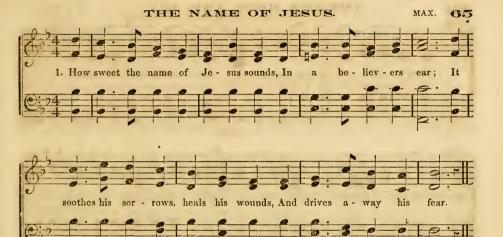
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy





4.
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of the stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee.

5.
Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun. moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.



It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And for the weary rest.

3.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain, Although with sin defiled;

Satan accuses me in vain, And I am owned a child.

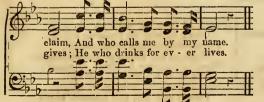
Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End. Accept the praise I bring.





- 2 O, there in our Father's dominions, We shall roam with the good and the blest; And wafted on angelic pinions, In the bosom of Jesus shall rest; With the stars of the morning our singing Through eternal years shall ascend, And heaven's glad notes shall be ringing, With praises to Jesus our Friend.
- 3 And not for a day shall our blessings
 Crown us with all gladness and joy,
 For millions of ages progressing
 Shall not our bright prospects destroy;
 Then hasten your footsteps, ye weary,
 And fly to the bosom of love;
 Now banish your sadness, ye dreary,
 There's rest, joy, and gladness above.





Should I not then happy be,
Since he takes such care of me?
And, when these bright days are ended,
By good angels then attended,
In his arms he'll take me home,
Never forth again to recome

Never forth again to roam.



2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow;
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.—Chorus.

3 When the last moment comes, O. watch my dying face To eatch the bright scraphic gleam, Which o'er my features plays.—Chorus.

4 Then to my raptured soul, Let one sweet song be given, Let music cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.—Chorus.

5 Then close my sightless eyes, And lay me down to rest, And fold my pale and icy hands Upon my lifeless breast.—Chorus.

6 Then, round my senseless clay, Assemble those I love, And sing of heaven. delightful heaven, My glorious home above.—Chorus.

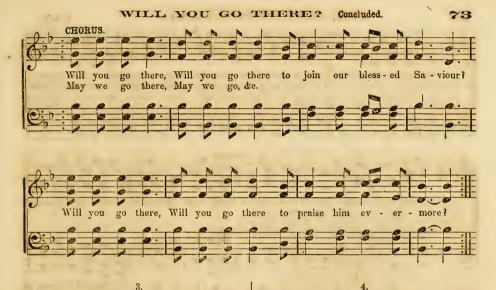




2 "Behold the birds"—said Jesus,
They neither sow nor reap,
Yet God. your Father, pleases
For them full stores to keep;
With liberal hand he feedeth
Their young ones when they call,
Their flight, their rest he heedeth,
And noticeth their fall.
O sweet bright flowers!
O joyous birds!
We love you more
For his sweet words.

3 The lilies, frail and tender,
They neither toil nor spin,
Yet kings in all their splendor,
Can no such glory win.
It is your Heavenly Father
Who clothes the lilies too,
Then will he not much rather
Clothe and provide for you?
O sweet bright flowers!
O joyous birds!
We love Him more
For your sweet words.





Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and O heaven! with joy from this world of distress,

That early he'll help you to find the good way: Oh, he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile of love.

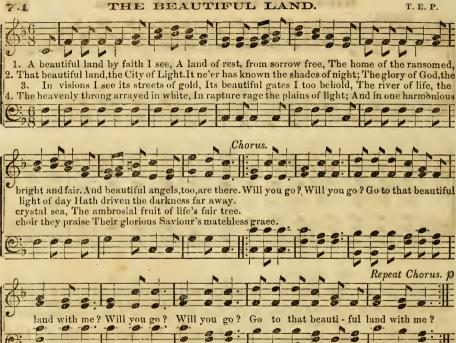
And appoint you a place in the mansions above. You may come there, &c.

Where sin is a burden, and trials oppress-

From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we roam.

We look to that land where the soul has a home.

We will go there, &c.





- We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often, for each other, flows The sympathizing tear.
- 4. When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5. This glorious hope revives
 Our courage, by the way;
 While each, in expectation, lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6. From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign, Through all eternity.

Invitation of Jesus.

- 1. Jesus, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint;
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray, and never faint
- 2. He bows his gracious car—
 We never plead in vain—
 Then let us wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

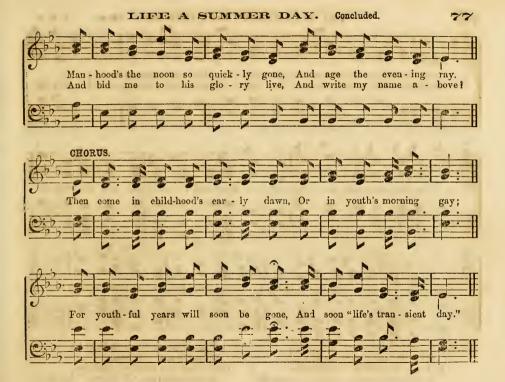
- 3. Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they ery;
 Yes, though he may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
- 4. Then let us carnest ery,
 And never faint in prayer;
 He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
 Will make our cause his care.

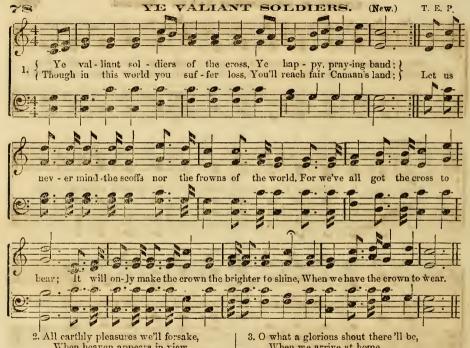
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

- COME, holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds The darkness from our eyes,
- Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;

 And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
- Revive our drooping faith;
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breast the flame
 Of never-dying love.

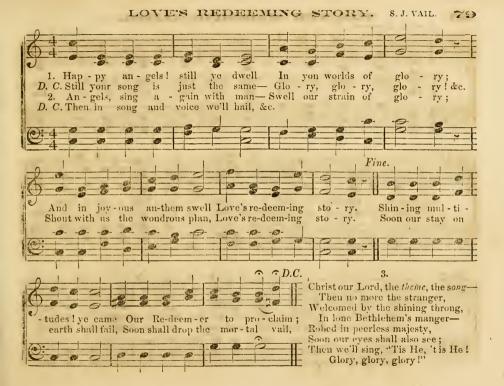






All carthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through. Let us, &c.

When we arrive at home, Our friends and Jesus we shall see, And God shall say, "Well done," Let us, &c.









Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we can not go where,
If trusting our Saviour, while we're marching as and
Chorus,—Marching along, &c.





3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together meet at last
At the portals of the sky.

Each the welcome 'Come' awaits, Conq'rers over death and sin!" Lift your heads, ye golden gates! Let the little trav'lers in.



- Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
 Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- I yield my powers to thy command;
 To thee I consecrate my days;

 Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.







2 We have no home but heaven!
Then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privations,
Or grieve when trouble's near?
It is but for a season,
That we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.—Cho.

3 We have no home but heaven!

How cheering is the thought,

How bright the expectations

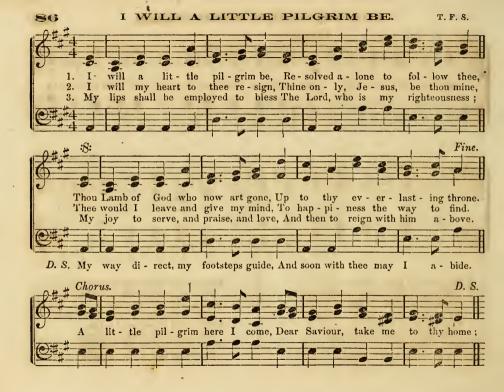
Which God's own word has taught.

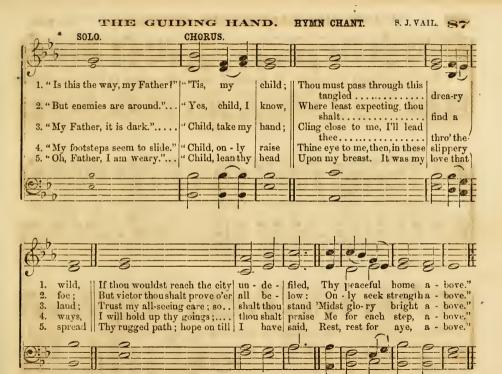
With eager hearts we hasten,

The promised bliss to share!

We have no home but heaven!

O, would that we were there!—Cho.









2. And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."—Chorus.

3. For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.—Chorus.

O, DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

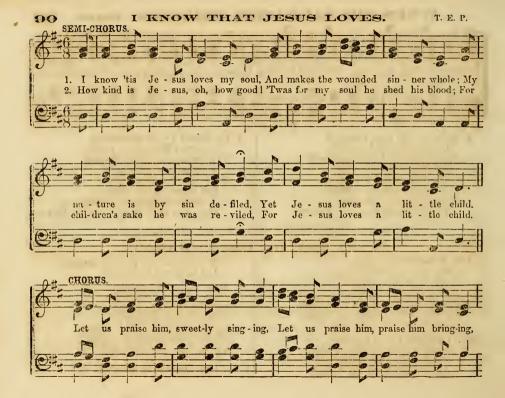
O, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 O, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend.
 He will give you grace to conquer,
 And keep you to the end.

Cho.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the School.

He will give you grace to conquer And keep you to the end.

2. Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.

Cho.—I am glad I'm in the army, &c.





3. When I offend by thought or tongue, Omit the right, or do the wrong:
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
Chorus—Let us praise him, &c.

 To me may Jesus now impart, Although so young, a gracious heart; Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled: Yet Jesus loves a little child. Chorus—Let us praise him, &c.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound;
 Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.





They love to hear an infant pray
 And praise the Name divine;
 I can not hear their songs, but they
 Can hear and join in mine.—Cho.

They guard my path to heaven, and they
 At last my soul will bear
 Upon their shining wing away,
 Their happiness to share.—Cho.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. CHANT,





3. We love to read together
The Word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever,
To guide our early youth.

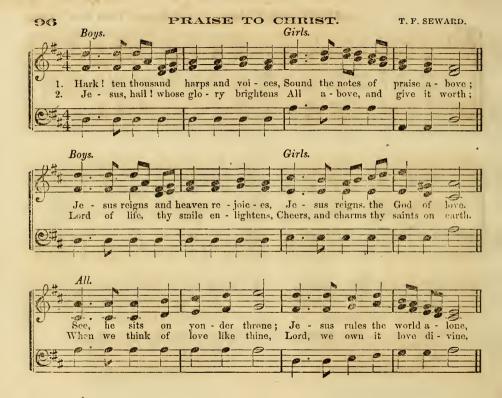
4. We love to be together
Upon the Sahbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.





- Just as I am—though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fighting within, and fear without, O Lamb of God, I come!
- Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind— Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of Go.', I come'

- Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise, I believe, O Lamb of God. I come!
- 6. Just as I am, thy love, unknown, Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!





- 3. King of glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting erown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever,
 Those whom thou hast made thine own:
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face,
- 4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing, Bring, O bring the glorious day; When, the awful summons hearing, Heaven and earth shall pass away; Then with golden harps we'll sing Glory, glory to our King.

BALERMA. C. M.



 For she hath treasures greater far, Than east and west unfold, And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold. She guides the young with innocence

 In pleasure's paths to tread;
 A erown of glory she bestows
 Upon the heary head.





nev- er leave thee. I will-nev-cr thee forsake.



3 When the sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright,
Pleasure, like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight,
I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee,
I will guide thy steps aright. For I'll, &c.
4 Thou may'st leave my care and keeping,
Thou may'st wander far from me,
Sorrow, then, and woe, and weeping,
Mercy must mete out to thee,
To the righteous, To the righteous,
My rich blessings all are free.
And I'll never, &c.







2.

Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Chorus.—The lame, &c.,

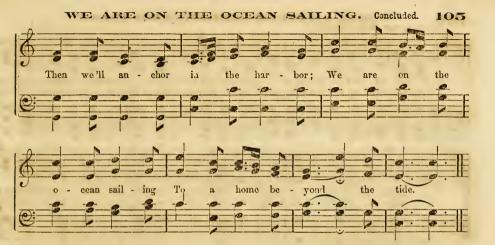
3.

Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song, Among the redeemed who journey along, All looking for rest at the end of the way, When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away. Chorus.—All looking, &c.

Joy for the sorrowful; Spirit of God!
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
Oh, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

Chorus.—Oh, strengthen, &c.





- Come on board, and "ship" for glory, Be in haste—make up your mind! For our vessel's weighing anchor, You will soon be left behind. Chorus.—All the storms, &c.
- 4. You have kindred over yonder,
 On that bright and happy shore;
 By and by we'll swell the number,
 When the toils of life are o'er.
 Chorus.—All the storms, &c.

- .5. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
 Gently waft our vessel on;
 All on board are sweetly singing—
 Free salvation is their song.
 Chorus.—All the storms, &e.
- 6. When we all are safely anchored Over on the shining shore, We will walk about the city, And will sing for ever more. Chorus.—All the storms, &c.



2. Dear Saviour, may we with our voices so faint, 13. Now children, and teachers, and friends all Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint? Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine car we will gain

. With the song of Redemption-The Lamb that was slain.

unite

In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light: To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain.

The song of Redemption-The Lamb that was slain.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

I. B. W. Bu permission.



- 2. Remember thy Creator now, Seek him while he is near: For evil days will come when thou Shalt find no comfort here.
- 3. Remember thy Creator now, His willing servant be: Then, when thy head in death shall bow, He will remember thee.
- 4. Almighty God, our hearts incline Thy heavenly voice to hear; Let all our future days be thine, Devoted to thy fear.

Jesus, my Saviour.

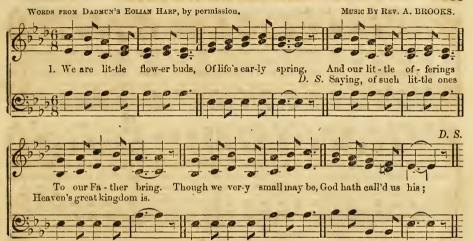
1. Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord, To thee I lift mine eyes;

- Teach and instruct me by thy word. And make me truly wise.
- 2. Make me to know and understand Thy whole revealed will; Fain would I learn to comprehend Thy love more clearly still.
- 3. Help me to read the Bible o'er With ever new delight: Help me to love its Author more: To seek thee day and night.
- 4. Ob, let it purify my heart, And guide me all my days ; Its wonders, Lord, to me impart, And thou shalt have the praise.









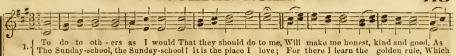
2 We are taught the way to heaven
In our Sunday School,
And our actions here to guide
By the golden rule.
Much we love our little school,
And our teachers kind,
Who with earnest, patient zeal
Guide each youthful mind.

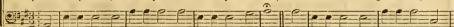
3 Come, and see our Sunday School
On some Sabbath day,
And the scene presented you
Richly will repay.
For we little flower buds
Of life's early spring,
Sound aloud our joyful strains
To our Saviour King.





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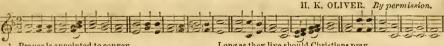
I know , should not steal nor use,
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belonged to me.
The Sunday-school, &c.

And this plain rule forbids me quite To strike an angry blow, Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, &c.

The Sunday school, &c.

4.
But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.

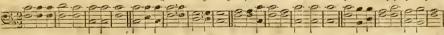
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



1. Prayer is appointed to convey

The blessings God designs to give;

For only while they pray they live.



If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 In every case still watch and pray.

3. 'Tis praver supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame:

Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak, But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4. Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merit must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.



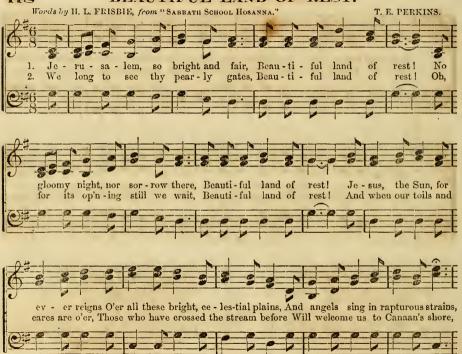








- 3. They are going, only going
 Out of pain and into bliss,
 Out of sad and sinful weakness
 Into perfect holiness;
 Snowy brows, no care shall shade them;
 Bright eyes tears shall never dim;
 Rosy lips, no time shall fade them:
 Jesus called them unto him.
- 4. Little hearts for ever stainless;
 Little hands as pure as they;
 Little feet by angels guided,
 Never a forbidden way!
 They are going, ever going,
 Leaving many a lonely spot;
 But 'tis Jesus who has called them:
 "Suffer, and forbid them not."



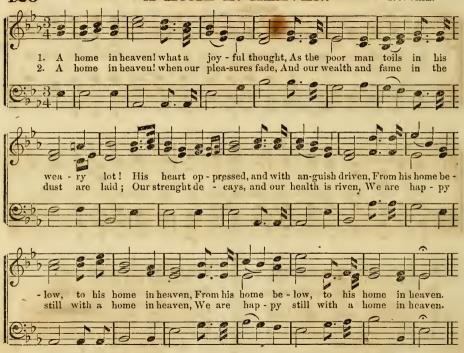


rest! Our wait ing souls im - patient stand To see that beauti - ful land.

3.
Our waiting heart with rapture beats,
Beautiful land of rest!
When shal! we walk thy golden streets,
Beautiful land of rest!
We're marching onward, staff in hand,
To reach that holy, happy land;
And soou we'll meet the pilgrim band
In the land of rest.
Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.

Unto the river's banks we've come,
Beautiful land of rest!
Each moment brings us nearer home,
Beautiful land of rest!
There millions who've the vict'ry found
Have laid their cross and armor down;
Yet we are striving for the crown
In the land of rest.

Chorus. Beautiful land, &c.





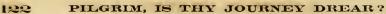
A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes' To that bright world: what a joy is given: By the blessed thought of a home in heaven, By the blessed thought of a home in heaven.

Cho. A home, a home, &c.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled. To the cheerless gloom of the moldering death: We wait in hope on the promise given;

We shall meet again in our home in heaven, We shall meet again in our home in heaven.

Cho. A home, a home, &c.

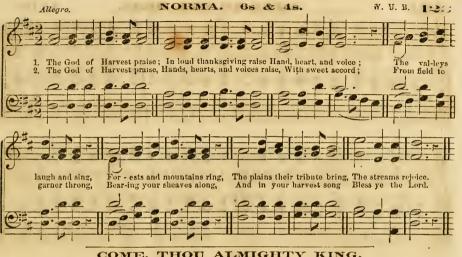




2.

Storms may gather o'er thy path, All the ties of life may sever; Still, amid the fear of death, God forsakes the righteous never! Never, never, never. 3

Pain may rack the wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch for ever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Nover, never, never.



COME. THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

- 1. Come, thou almighty King! Help us thy name to sing. Help us to praise: Father! all-glorious. O'er all victorious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!
- 2. Come, thou incarnate Word! Gird on thy mighty sword: Our prayer attend: Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness! On us descend.

- 3, Come, holy Comforter ! Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!
- 4. To the great One in Three. The highest praises be, Hence everinore! Ilis sovereign majesty May we in glory see, And to eternity Love and adore.









On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughtly host in dread silence reposes, What is that, which the breeze o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled hanner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave,

Oh, thus he it ever, when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and war's desolation :

Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this he our motto—"In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall, &c.

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